

ing on horse, or on foot, or on both together, then and thereafter. And why, I know not—unless his Majesty doubted the handsomeness of discharging me in particular, without letting off the rest;—but so it was, that in a short time afterwards there issued a proclamation, by which the services of all militiamen were for the present dispensed with,—and we were left to pursue our several avocations,—of course, all the lighter in our spirits for being disembodied.—*Hood's Comic Annual.*

AMERICAN ANECDOTES.—We copy the following characteristic anecdotes from a work lately published on Canada and the United States, by a Mr Mackenzie.

Of General Jackson, Mr Mackenzie gives a short but expressive sketch.

"The countenance and person of the President are such as, once seen, will not soon be forgotten: his tall, erect figure, and singularly original physiognomy allow of no mistake as to the individual. His looks are far more manly, commanding, and open than the portraits in the print shops would indicate, and his eye seems to betray a disposition ardent and passionate, but never sullen or petulant. His forehead is very high, and the lines thereon deeply indented; his complexion dark and sun-burnt, and his visage that of the wayworn veteran. I was impressed with his contemplative thoughtful countenance, and strongly marked features: well do they correspond with the eventful tale of his adventurous life. His exterior appearance is remarkably plain; he wears a black dress, without any badge indicative of his rank and office, yet are his person and demeanour well calculated to inspire a stranger with a sentiment beyond mere respect."

The Niagara Whirlpool, several miles below the Falls, is one of those scenes which are too grand for description. Instances of accident happening there can best convey an idea of the horrors of that dreadful abyss.

"The Whirlpool is a large deep basin, about the size of Primrose-hill, at the back of Chalk farm, in which the waters of the mighty St. Lawrence revolve in one perpetual whirl, caused by their being obstructed by an angle of the steep and dreary banks which overhang this dreadful place. The Whirlpool, like the Falls, has caused the loss of human life; one instance of which I will here relate:—

"Mr Wallace, the blacksmith, had a son, a fine youth, of whom he was exceedingly proud, and the lad one day went down to the Whirlpool, and the current proving too strong for him, he was carried into the whirl. His poor distracted mother sat on the gloomy bank, for days and hours, and beheld the body of her darling child carried round in a circle by the waters, sometimes disappearing for a time, and then coming up and revolving on the surface of the watery grave; and thus continuing for several days, no human aid being available even to obtain his remains. An acquaintance, who resides at the Whirlpool, informed me, that in the course of five or six days, bodies which get into this dismal caldron are carried down the river.

"It is usual for persons rafting timber himself to school, and subsequently passed from places between the Falls and the some time at college. He then returned Whirlpool, to get off the raft before they here, put himself apprentice to an attorney, come to the basin, first placing the raft in and, at his admission to the bar, soon distinguished himself by his fluency, ingenuity, and wit. Since then he has acquired into the whirl. On one occasion, however, the first practice in our courts; has been a one of the raftsmen refused to leave the raft Member of Assembly for several sessions, —he was not afraid, all would go safe—entreaty was unavailing, and the raft, with the gentlemanly demeanour, his eloquence, and unfortunat headstrong man upon it, made plausibility. He always leans to the side of Government, being our Solicitor-General and Chief Justice of Prince Edward Island, to which place he repairs periodically to hold his courts. In addition to his other qualities, he is, as I once heard a country member, who had in vain endeavoured to fortify himself against the fascination of his manner, emphatically say, "An amazing pleasant fellow over a bottle of wine."—*London Weekly Magazine.*

Of the early state of legislation in Nova Scotia, the following amusing account is given by Mr Archibald, the present Speaker of the House of Assembly, and Attorney-General of the province.

"The first deliberations of our legislature were rude as the country, and doubtless many extraordinary scenes took place.—Within the memory of man, Mr Chairman, (for I have it from my learned friend, the Attorney-General, who was an eye-witness) the House of Assembly sat round a common table, with the Speaker at their head, and instead of the respectable calls to order which you sometimes hear from that chair, the Speaker carried a cane, and beat the refractory members into order. The building in which the governor, the council, and the assembly then met to deliberate was narrow and contracted, but the building in which we are assembled bespeaks the increase of our resources, our public spirit, and our taste. But does the improvement only appear in the splendid apartments in which the house and council assemble? No, Mr Chairman, the country has improved in the same ratio; it is fast filling with the sons of freemen—men who know and who dearly prize their rights, and who will not allow their liberties, which they enjoyed in the lands of their forefathers, to be curtailed."

Mr Archibald, to whom we are indebted for this curious sketch, is thus described by a contemporary. It is difficult to say which sketch is more entertaining.

"Our Speaker, S. G. W. Archibald, Esq., is the most easy and fluent orator in the House. He was originally bred a carpenter, but having tumbled into a mill-stream, he was carried over the water-wheel and came out below, with both his thighs broken.—Having recovered from the effects of this accident, and having, by the death of his parents, become possessed of a small property, he sold it, and with the proceeds went, I believe, to Philadelphia, where he put

ENGLISH IDEA OF COMFORT.—The English are very proud of that which they call comfort. This word serves to define their real, as well as their fancied enjoyments. It is employed also to extol that superiority of fortune to which they affect a great pretension as a contrast with other nations. If the English have now recovered from the prejudice that they eat in France the legs of frogs, instead of rounds of beef, they have not yet persuaded themselves that the enjoyment and pleasures of life are known on the other side of the Channel.

For strangers who do not take the trouble to observe, *comfort* is a conventional word, a sort of common-place, by means of which, they analyze and recapitulate the sum of their enjoyments in England

Among the wealthy English *comfort* means great luxury and an expensive establishment. In the middle classes, *comfort* means a heavy, well-stuffed arm-chair in which the master of the house goes to sleep after dinner. You think I jest; no, verily! it is the exact truth. Independently of this chair, there is nothing which justifies the idea of general comfort which the word would seem to indicate. A dinner of boiled fish, and of plain vegetables destined to be mixed by way of sauce with all one eats—a piece of roast beef cut from the hardest and most tasteless part of the carcass; in place of a napkin a corner of the tablecloth; in lieu of dessert, nuts, cheese, and raisins: chairs with rush bottoms, sometimes covered with a cushion, which the least movement causes to fall to the ground, immense four-post beds, with feather bed, beneath which is a pailasse so arranged as to produce the effect of an ill-joined table—no clocks—and in each room a coal-fire, whose dust and smoke soil everything—grooved window-shutters, windows with running Venetian blinds and sometimes ill-draped calico curtains of a dark pattern: these are some of the English comforts, of which the natives of Albion are so boastful. But on the other hand it must be admitted, that great neatness and cleanliness are observable as well in the apartments as in the furniture. Amongst the lower classes the word *comfort* is never uttered.—*Great Britain by Baron d'Haussez.*